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THE HISTORY OF JACK HORNER.

CONTAINING,

The Witty Pranks he played,

From his Youth to his Riper Years, being pleasant for Winter Evenings.

Printed and Sold in London.

The HISTORY of JACK HORNER.

CHAP. I.

Of his Birth and Education.

JACK HORNER was a pretty lad,
Near London he did dwell,
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother lov'd him well.
She often sat him on her lap,
To turn him dry beneath,
And fed him with good sugar'd pap,
Because he had no teeth.
While little Jack was sweet and young,
If he by chance did cry,
His mother pretty sonnets sung,
With lull-a-baby by.
With such a curious dainty tone,
As Jack sat on her knee,
So that when he could go alone,
He'd sing as well as she.
A pretty boy, a curious wit,
All people spoke his praise,
And in the corner he would sit,
In Christmas holidays.

When friends did together meet,
To paſs away the time,
Little Jack beſure would eat
His Chriſtmas pye in rhyme,
And ſaid, " Jack Horner in the corner,
" Eats good Chriſtmas pye,
" With his thumbs pulls out the plumbs,
" Crying, What a good boy was I."
Theſe pretty verſes which he made,
Upon his Chriſtmas cheer,
Did gain him love, as it is ſaid,
Of all both far and near.
For laſſes lov'd his company,
Each day above another,
For why, they knew that he would be
A man before his mother.
He grew, I ſay, at any rate,
Both proper, ſtrait, and trim,
So that young Nancy, Sue, and Kate,
Were all in love with him.
Happy was ſhe that could enjoy
From him one kind embrace,
Tho' once he was a little boy,
Yet now he grows apace.
So few were like him far and nigh,
To match him there was none,
As being thirteen inches high,
A giant to Tom Thumb.
Whene'er he took a ſword in hand,
He made his foes to bleed,
As you at laſt ſhall underſtand,
Who ſhall this ſtory read.

CHAP. III.

Jack frights a Taylor for cabbaging Cloth out of his Coat.

JACK being twenty years of age,
Liv'd with a worthy Knight,
In manner of a pretty page,
To yield him much delight.
The Knight, right generous and free,
Did for a taylor send,
For to make Jack a livery,
So much he was his friend.
Of half a yard of good broad cloth
The coat was to be made,
But yet the taylor he was loth
To quit his thievish trade.
The knavish taylor was to blame,
A crafty cunning wag,

He pinch'd as much out of the ſame
As made a marble bag,
His coat was ſpoil'd, then being made,
It came not to his knee.
Jack in a wrath and paſſion ſaid,
I'll be reveng'd on thee.
Now the taylor was a ſingle man,
Who lived in the town,
Quoth Jack, I am reſolv'd anon
For to affront this clown.
The Knight he having kill'd a goat,
Whoſe ſkin was full as black,
I do declare, as any ſoot,
This project pleaſed Jack.
He wrapt it round him like a gown,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And then he rambl'd down the town,
This taylor to affright.
He thro' a window did advance,
Near to this taylor's bed,
Around the room did ſkip and dance,
With horns upon his head.
He growl'd and grumbl'd like a bear,
And did the antic play,
Which made the taylor for to ſtare,
And tremble as he lay.
Seeing the horns hang o'er head,
His body ſhort and thick,
The taylor ſaid, ſpeak, who art thou?
Quoth Jack, thy friend Old Nick.
Thou haſt obey'd my orders well,
I find in each degree,

And therefore in my gloomy cell
I have a place for thee.
For you have been a friend indeed,
I ſuch a taylor lack,
Therefore come away with ſpeed,
I'll bear thee on my back.
Sweet Mr. Devil, then he cry'd,
O pardon me I pray,
I can't, I won't, he then reply'd,
Make haſte and come away.
The taylor, naked to the ſkin,
His bed he did refrain,
And down the town thro' thick and thin,
He ran with might and main.
Jack Horner follow'd him awhile,
But left him at the laſt,
Then to himſelf did laugh amain,
To think of what had paſt.

CHAP. III.

How he ſerved the Cook Maid, who broke his Head with a Ladle, for making a Sop in the Dripping Pan.

ANother pleaſant prank he play'd,
Upon a holiday,
Unto his maſter's ſervant maid,
It was a bloody fray.
Now ſhe was luſty Joan by name,
And was their conſtant cook,

And when ſhe in the kitchen came,
She would him overlook.
She oftentimes would play her part,
And call him creeping cur,
This vex'd Jack Horner to the heart,
He could not bear with her.
Upon a certain day young Jack
A ſlice of bread did take,
And threw it in the dripping pan,
That he a ſop might make.
So ſoon as ſhe the ſame did ſee.
It put her in a rage,
And with the baſtling ladle ſhe,
Jack Horner did engage.

She gave him knocks upon the crown,
So hard, and ſtruk ſo faſt,
That he at length did tumble down,
And gaſping lay at laſt.
If tho' he did at firſt retreat,
He ſoon return'd again,

For ſtanding up upon his feet,
He fought with might and main,
He was but thirteen inches high,
And ſhe full ſix times more,
Yet by his ingenuity
He brought her to the floor.
For underneath her coats he got,
Where he did ſtraightway ſeize
With both his hands her beauty ſpot,
And bit her by the knees.
His teeth were ſharp, ſo that ſhe bled,
He would not mind her cries,
So then ſhe piſt upon his head,
And put out both his eyes.
But ſtill Jack Horner kept his hold,
And would not let her go,
Then ſhe did rave, and roar, and ſcold,
But could not ſtrike one blow.
She call'd to Robin, Ralph, and Ben,
And none did hear the lais,
At laſt ſhe tumbl'd down, and then
He bit her by the arſe,
So cruel hard he made her roar,
She cry'd, let me alone,
And I will ne'er offend thee more
Jack, while my name is Joan.
Why then, ſaid Jack, if it be ſo
That you will not offend,
I will this minute let you go,
And ſo the fray did end.

A

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

An old Hermit gives Jack an Invisible Coat, and a Pair of enchanted Pipes, with which he plays many Tricks.

UPON a certain holiday,
Jack going to the fair,
And as he past along the way,
He saw a wonder there.
An aged man sat in a cave,
That could not stand nor go,
His head bore blossoms of the grave,
And look'd as white as snow.
Strange hollow eyes and wrinkl'd brow,
His nose and chin did meet.
To him Jack Horner made a bow,
His word so soft and sweet.
He call'd to him, and thus did say,
Come hither lad to me.

And if thou doſt my will obey,
Rewarded thou ſhalt be.
Bring me a fairing from the town,
At thy own proper coſt,
A jug of nappy liquor brown,
Your labour ſhan't be loſt.
Jack made the hermit this reply,
Who then ſat in his cell,
What's your requeſt I'll not deny,
And ſo old dad farewel.
At night, he being ſtout and ſtrong,
This lad he did not fail,
But at his back he lugg'd along
A ſwinging jug of ale;
Which when the hermit he beheld,
It pleas'd him to the heart.
Out of the ſame a cup he fill'd,
And ſaid, before we part,
I have a pipe, which I'll beſtow
Upon you never doubt.
Whoever hears the ſame you blow,
Shall ſkip and dance about.
They ſhan't be able to ſtand ſtill,
While you the muſic play,
But after you o'er dale and hill,
All of them dance the hay.
I have a coat for thee likewiſe,
Inviſible I mean,
And it ſhall ſo bedim their eyes,
That thou ſhalt not be ſeen.
If thou ſhould with an hundred meet,
When you thus paſs along,

Altho' within the open ſtreet,
Not one of all the throng,
Shall ever ſee you in the leaſt,
But hear the muſic's ſound,
And wonder that both men and beaſt
Are forc'd to dance around.
Jack took the coat and bagpipes too,
And thankfully did ſay,
Old father I will call on you,
Whene'er I come this way.

CHAP. V.

Of his making ſix Fiddlers dance over Hedge and Ditch, 'till they broke all their Glaſſes and Crowds.

THIS coat and pipe he having got,
He homewards trudg'd with ſpeed,
At length it was his happy lot
To croſs ſome pleaſant meads:
Where he ſix fiddlers ſoon eſpy'd,
Returning from the fair,
Under their coats crowds by their ſides,
With many others there.
Among the reſt ſix jolly blades,
Did with theſe crowders come,
Who on their ſhoulders carry'd crades,
And glaſſes in the ſame.

Jack preſently his coat put on,
That ſcreen'd him from their ſight,
Saying, I'll do the beſt I can,
To plague them all this night.
For crowders they are rogues indeed,
And tradeſmen they are worſe,
They'll plunder all where'er they go,
And pick the laſſes purſe.
His pipe he ſtraight began to play,
The crowders they did prance.

The tradeſmen too as faſt as they
Did caper, ſkip, and dance,
So he play'd up a merry ſtrain,
On his pipes loud and ſhrill,
So they danc'd and jump'd amain,
Tho' ſore againſt their will.
Said they, this is enchanted ground,
For tho' no ſoul we ſee,
Yet ſtill the muſic's pleaſant ſound,
Makes us dance vehemently.

Jack Horner laugh'd, and piping went
Straight down into a hollow,
So theſe dancers, as by conſent,
Did after him then follow.
He led them through bogs and ſloughs,
Nay, likewiſe ponds and ditches,
And in the thorny briary boughs,
Poor rogues they tore their breeches.
Each fiddler loſt or tore his cloak,
But ſtill they follow'd after,
The crowds crackt, and glaſſes broke,
It was a woeful ſlaughter.
At laſt it being ſomewhat late,
Jack did his piping leave,
So ceaſed, ſeeing their wretched ſtate,
As made him ſigh and grieve.
Sure this ſame is Old Nick I know,
And author of this evil,
And others cry'd, if it be ſo,
He is a merry devil.
Jack Horner laugh'd, and went away,
And left them in deſpair,
So that e'er ſince that very day,
No crowders would come there.

CHAP. VI.

Jack's Kindneſs to the Innkeeper, whom he put in a Way to pay his Debts.

AN honeſt man, an inn-keeper,
A friend to little Jack,

Who was in debt, alas! ſo far,
That he was like to crack,
Now this man had a handſome wife,
Sweet, fair, and beautiful too;
A Quaker lov'd her as his life,
And this Jack Horner knew.
The Quaker was a Squire born,
And did in wealth abound,
Said he, I'll catch him in the corn,
And put him in the pound.
Firſt to the innkeeper I'll go,
And when I do him find,
He ſoon ſhall underſtand and know,
That I'll be truly kind.
So he met him in a narrow lane,
And ſaid, my friend, good-morrow,
But the innkeeper reply'd again,
My heart is full of ſorrow.
Two hundred pounds I am in debt,
Which I muſt pay next week,
It makes me ſigh, lament, and fret,
Having the corn to ſeek.
Quoth Jack, if you'll be rul'd by me,
I'll put you in a way,
How you yourſelf from debts may free,
And all the money pay.
Now this is joyful news, he cry'd,
Thou art a friend indeed,
Thy wit ſhall be my rule and guide,
For never more was need.
Go tell thy loving wife, ſaid he,
Thy joy and heart's delight,

That thou muſt ride miles forty-three,
And ſhan't come home at night.
Then mind the council I ſhall give,
And be no wit afraid,
For I can tell you, as I live,
Your debts will ſoon be paid.
Mount thy bay nag, and take thy cloak,
With thy warm morning gown,
And lodge within an hollow oak,
A mile or two from town.
There may you ſleep in ſweet content,
All night, and take your reſt,
And leave it to my management,
'Twill be a pleaſant jeſt.
Next morning there you ſhall behold,
The like ne'er ſeen before,
Which ſhall produce a ſum of gold,
Nay, likewiſe ſilver ſtore.
The innkeper ſaid, honeſt John,
As you this promiſe make,
Believe me, as I am a man,
I will thy council take.
Unto his houſe in haſte he went,
And told her he muſt go
A journey, ſaying, be content,
For why, it muſt be ſo.
She ſeemingly began to weep,
And with ſad ſighs reply'd,
You know, alas! I cannot ſleep
Without you by my ſide.
Cries he, Kind wife, do not repine,
Why ſhould you pine and grieve?

I go out to a friend of mine,
Money for to receive,
This ſaid, with woman's fond deceit,
She ſtraigtway ceas'd to mourn,
And gave him twenty kiſſes ſweet,
Wiſhing his ſafe return.
So ſoon as he was out of ſight,
She for the Quaker ſent,
And order'd him to come at night,
That to their hearts content,
They may be merry, ſport, and play,
As her huſband was from home.
The Quaker ſaid, by yea and nay,
He would not fail to come.
A ſucking pig and capons too,
For him ſhe did prepare,
For why, alas! full well ſhe knew,
He lov'd ſuch dainty fare.
Now juſt about the cloſe of day
They both to ſupper fall,
Now Jack was there as well as they,
And walk'd about the hall.
And did their fond behaviour note,
She on her friend did lean,
Jack having an enchanted coat,
Was not to be ſeen,
Who perfectly did hear and ſee
When they did toy and play,
Thought he, I'll be reveng'd on ye,
Before the morning day.
Now the poor maid ſhe went to bed,
When it grew ſomewhat late,

This done, her friend ſhe likewiſe led
Up to the chamber ſtrait,
Where he did ſtrait pull off his cloaths,
Quite naked to the ſhirt,
And into bed with her he goes,
Concluding this no hurt.
Jack in the chamber did abide,
Till it was almoſt day,
When coming near the curtain's ſide,
He heard the Quaker ſay,
That he indeed did want to piſs,
And to the pot muſt go.
Said Jack, I do rejoice at this,
Some pleaſant ſport I'll ſhow.
The Quaker thinking little harm,
Unto the pot he came,
When Jack having a cunning charm,
Faſt lock'd him to the ſame.
The gooſt wife often to him cry'd,
Why ſitt'ſt thou in the cold?
Quoth he, it ſticks between my thighs,
I cannot loſe the hold.
Quoth ſhe, what is the man a fool?
And ſtrait to him ſhe got,
And laid one hand upon his tool,
And t'other on the pot.
There did ſhe pull and tug amain,
In hopes to ſet him free,
But all her labour was in vain,
She ſtuck as faſt as he,
They being both in ſad diſtreſs,
Then for the maid did knock,

Who never ſtood herſelf to dreſs,
But came up in her ſmock,
The ſight ſhe ſaw, ſhe was ſurpriz'd,
Perceiving ſuch large ſwingers,
Clapping her hands before her eyes,
Yet look'd between her fingers.
You ſaucy jade, then ſaid the dame,
Come help us from the pot,
The damſel ſaid, I bluſh for ſhame,
To ſee what he has got.
What has he got, you ſaucy jade,
Why do you ſtand to prate?
Come hither ſoon; and help us now,
Or elſe I'll break your pate.
Becauſe her miſtreſs ſhould be pleas'd,
She ſtrove to ſet them free,
When ſtrait the charm the damſel ſeiz'd,
And there they ſtuck all three.
It being now juſt peep of day,
And they all tied faſt,
Jack on his pipe began to play,
As down the ſtairs he paſt,
The Quaker, miſtreſs, and the maid,
When they the pipe did hear,
They caper'd to the tune he play'd,
And all their courſe did ſteer,
Into the ſtreet where they advanc'd,
Naked, ſave ſmock and ſhirt,
Like morrice-dancers they did prance,
Up to their knees in dirt.
They caper'd high, the piſs did fly,
Over their heads and ears,

And then it ran down violently,
Like drops of briny tears.
The Quaker ſaid, by Yea and Nay,
We are bewitch'd all three,
There is a pair of bapipes play,
Yet no one can I ſee.
He brought them to the very oak,
Where the innkeeper lay,
Jack for awhile he never ſpoke,
But on his pipes did play.

The good man in the hollow tree
Immediately look'd out,
His neighbour. wife, and maid, did ſee
Them dance and trump about.
Who's there? my kind and loving wife!
Likewiſe my maid young Sue!
My quaking neighbour too! odds-life!
A jovial whoring crew!
Jack broke the charm, and then the pot
Soon looſen'd from their hands,

And they were likewiſe reeking hot
With ſkipping o'er the lee.
The innkeeper ſaid, note it well,
I'll geld you ere you go,
But the Quaker on his knees did fall,
And ſaid, ſome pity ſhew,
My precious nutmegs do not wound,
For fear I ſhould not live,
I'll pay thee down one hundred pounds,
If thou wilt me forgive.
No, no, quoth Jack, we will have two,
In lawful ready gold,
Or elſe we will not pardon thee,
We have you ſafe in hold.
I'll freely give thee thy demand,
But yet beware I pray,
The wicked do not underſtand
That I have gone aſtray.
No, no, they ſaid, and home he went,
Where the gold he did receive,
The innkeeper was well content,
He had no cauſe to grieve.
Then did he lead a happy life,
He neither toils nor frets,
Thanks to Jack Horner and his wife,
Their wits have paid his debts.

CHAR. VIII.

Jack ſlays a monſtrous Giant, and marries a Knight's Daughter.

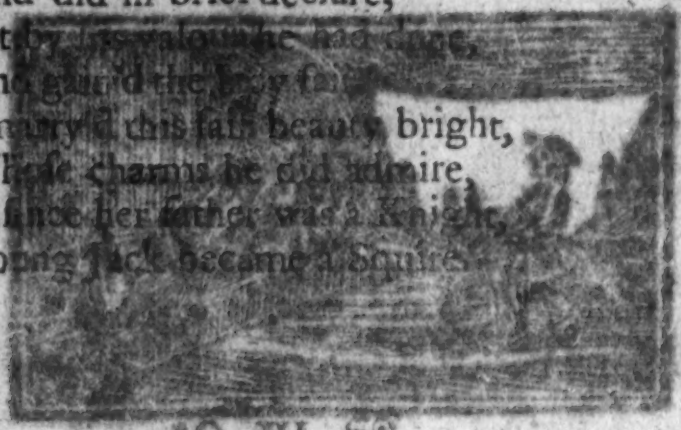
JACK HORNER a giant kill'd,
One Galligantus ſtout,
As large as any man beheld,
In all the world throughout.
This very giant could with eaſe
Step fifteen feet in length,
Up by the roots he plucked trees,
So mighty was his ſtrength.
His lips open'd like two gates,
His beard hung down like wire,
His eyes were like two pewter plates,
His breath like ſmoke and fire.
Tis ſaid that he deſtroy'd as much
As ten ſcore men could eat,
So that the people did him grudge
Every bit of meat.
His meſs was ſtill continually
Two bullocks in a diſh,
Then he would drink whole rivers dry,
And thus would ſtarve the fiſh.
He went to drink it ſeems one day,
By a deep river's ſide,
Whereat a lighter full of ſtraw
Did at an anchor ride.
Beſide another ful of hay,
A third with block and billet,

He cram'd all theſe into his jaw,
But yet they would not fill it.
He ſo annoy'd the nation then,
By night and eke by day,
Whoever paſſed by his den,
Became his fatal prey.
Hard by there liv'd a noble Knight,
That had one daughter dear,
For youth and ſplendid beauty bright,
But few could her come near.
He promis'd her to be the wife
Of him that would deſtroy
This brutiſh cruel giant's life,
That did them thus annoy.
But there was none could undertake
This taſk, for all did fear him,
For the looks of him did make them fear,
When they did draw nigh him.
At length, Jack Horner being told
Whoever did him ſlay,
Might have gold and ſilver eke,
Likewiſe a Lady gay.
Quoth Jack, now let me live or die,
I'll fight this ſwinging boar,
Tho' I am but eighteen inches high,
And he ten yards and more.
A ſword he got five inches long,
A little cap of ſteel,
A breaſt plate too, both ſtout and ſtrong,
Quoth Jack, I'll make him reel.
Upon a badger's back he got,
In order to proceed.

Thus being mounted cap-apee,
Away he rides full ſpeed.
With double courage ſtout and brave,
He did his courage keep,
When coming to the giant's cave,
He found him faſt aſleep.

His mouth it was not open wide,
But ſtood, it ſeems, half cock'd,
Jack down his throat full ſpeed did ride,
He never ſtood to knock.
Jack cut and ſlaſh'd his ſwinging tripes,
This griev'd the giant ſore,
Then did he play upon his pipes,
Which made him dance and roar.
He cry'd, I dance, yet am not well,
There's no one minds my moan,
At length he dy'd, and down he fell,
Then gave a hideous groan.
Jack in his belly rides about,
Full ſpeed, thro' thick and thin,

Yet he could not find the ſame way out,
At which he entered in.
He ſtill rode on, and did advance,
He vow'd to go thro' ſtitch,
So that at laſt, by meer good chance,
He crept out at his breech.
With that he home with ſpeed did run,
And did in brief declare,
What by his valour he had done,
And gain'd the fair.
He marry'd this fair beauty bright,
Whoſe charms he did admire,
And ſince her father was a Knight,
Young Jack became a Squire.



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